THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1804.

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE Duchess of Bedford is the youngest daughter of Alexander Duke of Gordon, and Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart. married October, 1767. They have been singularly happy in seeing all their daughters, five in number, early and splendidly disposed of in marriage; and it will be exhibiting a pleasing and interesting picture to the view of our fair readers, to make the following extract from the British Peerage: and this strikes the imagination the more strongly, happening in one of our most noble families, among the female part of which rank in society, we are apt to think, maidenhood, and "single blessedness," is more to be expected, than among those of lower degree.

Charlotte, married September, 1789, to Major General Lenox, Nephew to the Duke of Richmond, } HAS ISSUE.

Madelina, married April, 1789, to Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart. } HAS ISSUE.

Susan, married November, 1793, to the Duke of Manchester, } HAS ISSUE.

Louisa, married April, 1797, to Lord Brome, son of Marquis Cornwallis, } HAS ISSUE.

(Though last, not least,)

Georgiana, married June 23, 1803, at about twenty years of age, to John Duke of Bedford, whose former lady, Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of Lord Viscount Torrington, deceased October 11, 1801, leaving three sons.

In contemplating the exultation of the mother of these fortunate sisters, we seem to see realized, what is drawn, with rather a glowing pencil, by one of our fair correspondents, Vol. XI. page 395; "she lives to see her daughters worthily bestowed in wedlock; and her circle is enlarged by sons-in-law, unable to be sufficiently grateful for the precious deposits she has placed in their possession."

As, in the attention paid to the noble seat of the Russels at Woburn, and the festivities there, since her Grace became the mistress of that splendid mansion, we see an example set before our nobility, of a revival of the good old English hospitality "which once constituted the enjoyment of our ancestors, and the glory of our country."

See Lady's Museum, Vol. XI. page 379.

The Consequences resulting from a fashionable Waste of Time.

THE legions of fantastic fashions to which a man of pleasure is obliged to sacrifice his time, impair the rational faculties of his mind, and destroy the native energies of his soul. Forced continually to lend himself to the performance of a thousand little trifles, a thousand mean absurdities, he becomes by habit, frivolous and absurd. The face of things no longer wears its true and genuine aspect; and his depraved taste loses all relish for rational entertainment, or substantial pleasure. The infatuation seizes on his brain, and his corrupted heart teems with idle fancies, and vain imaginations. Z.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXVI.

EVERY season, and every situation, has its appropriate duties. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, in their annual revolution, impose particular tasks upon us, or call us to the performance of peculiar offices; in the same manner as childhood, youth, maturity, and age, have their respective circles, which the wise and the conscientious feel it their interest and their duty to fill with propriety.

> See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
> Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
> Vapours, and clouds, and storms.—

What reflections will this contemplation suggest, and how are we to render the season productive of improvement to ourselves, and of benefit to others! These are considerations worthy of the regard of rational and responsible creatures; and they who disdain to listen to them now, will have deep cause for regret when repentance comes too late.

The opening blossoms of spring, the flowers and verdure of summer, the fruitage and the mellow tints of autumn, are past, and we are once more thrown into the winter of the year, which should remind us of the winter of life, and teach us to prepare for its approach. Indeed, the revolution of the seasons, which so closely resemble, and so intimately connect, with the principal stages of human existence, seem wisely ordained to impress many a moral truth on our minds, and to warn us against procrastination, in what we have it in our power to accomplish to day. As well may we attempt to bring back the identical seasons through which we have passed in the revolution of the last year, as to recal the days of youth, or of maturity, which are already carried down the stream of time, and are hurrying to the gulph of eternity. Let the present hour, therefore, be applied to

wisdom, and to the discharge of such duties as we are more immediately called upon to perform. Those who are still in the spring of life, should consider, that on a due cultivation of the advantages which that delightful period presents, more depends than on all the remainder of their lives. If the mind has not been early stored with the seeds of knowledge, if the weeds of error have not been eradicated, if luxuriances have not been pruned, and the blossoms protected from blights and mildews, from boisterous winds, and from nipping frosts, in vain shall we look for the expanding virtues of youth, or the mature and mellow fruits of age. On such, therefore, as have the vernal joys, and the vernal prospects, still before their eyes, it is peculiarly incumbent to apply themselves, with zeal and assiduity, to those studies and pursuits which are more peculiarly suited to their circumstances and situation. A rich field is before them, and it will be to their lasting sorrow, and their indelible disgrace, if they draw no treasures from it.

On the other hand, should the earliest, and therefore the best, years for improvement, have been thrown away by any fault of our own, or the neglect of those whose duty it was to superintend and to forward our education, we are in such a case called upon, by every rule of prudence, and every suggestion of reason, to redouble our diligence, and to compensate for the shortness of our time, by the intensity and eagerness of our application. Instances are not unfrequent, where the self-taught pupil of advanced age, has far outstripped those who have boasted the most superior advantages in youth, and where the lessons late acquired have produced very abundant fruit; but this ought not to diminish the value, or justify the omission, of early diligence. Youth, we know, is the proper and the natural season for sowing the seeds of learning, as spring is for sowing the fruits of the earth; and though an accidental crop may be raised from late culture, either of the mind

or the soil, we ought not to place any dependance on events of such an uncertain complexion.

But whether we have laboured, or not, to acquire those habits and attainments which will make the winter of life agreeable, of this we may be sure, unless we are prematurely cut off, that it will arrive; and with it we shall feel that we stand in need of every alleviation from pleasing retrospections, and actual resources. Nothing can present a more melancholy spectacle than decrepitude, destitute of the consciousness of past worth, and of the sense of some internal supplies, which the previous stores of knowledge can alone bestow. Hence, amidst the ardours of youthful expectation, we should carry our views beyond the present moment, and, like the ant, be sedulous in laying up provision for that season when work and industry must be suspended. They who husband their time in this judicious manner, will find every change fraught with some pleasing enjoyment; or, if misfortunes should lour, from which neither the best nor the wisest are exempt, they will soothe their troubled spirits with the consolatory idea, that they are daily approaching that state, where temporary pain will be absorbed in eternal felicity.

Such are the reflections which the present season suggests in regard to ourselves; but we perform only a part of our duty, and indeed are entitled to but a slender reward, if we do not draw inferences from it for the benefit of others.

If, then, we are blessed with any share of this world's goods beyond what is absolutely necessary for the common wants of our nature, and the support of those who may have claims on our regard, it behoves us to appropriate a part to charity; and to endeavour, as far as lies in our power, to make the little we can spare extensively useful. Far am I, however, from recommending that ostentatious liberality which becomes conspicuous, only because it is solitary or rare. An annual donation in money, or a Christmas

dinner to the poor, though not undeserving of commendation, does little real service. The temporary indulgence of excess only renders future privations more sensibly felt. Charity should be steady and uniform, like the perennial spring, which is neither swelled by rains, nor diminished by drought: it may flow gently, but it ought to flow long. The wants of man recur daily; and bounty judiciously exercised, will apportion its supplies to the necessities it wishes to relieve.

The most ample fortune, joined to the most liberal and humane disposition, would be inadequate to render any considerable number of poor persons comfortable; but, by making a wise selection of objects, and evincing a regard for the meritorious and unfortunate, much individual good may be done, and an essential service rendered to the community.

Vice and profligacy, though they may excite pity, and, when truly penitent, acceptance also, should never meet with the same prompt relief which honest poverty demands. By making a distinction of this kind, and invariably adhering to it, the rich not only pay a due homage to virtue in their own persons, but they excite others, by the strong tie of interest, to become virtuous. Every person of property acts, or ought to act, in the circle with which he is most immediately connected; and those circles, extended *ad infinitum*, would embrace every deserving object. But the misfortune is, the dissipation of London, of Bath, and other places of public concourse, draw the gentry at this season from their homes; and they waste their wealth amidst strangers, who neither know nor value them, except as far as they can fleece and impose on them. Cards, visiting, and every species of extravagance, fill up their hours; and when they return to the country, it is as much to invigorate their wasted constitutions, as to replenish their empty purses. Even the fair sex, for whose welfare and credit I am more immediately concerned, hurried

away by vanity and fashion, lose the godlike, the heartfelt satisfaction of well-placed, active benevolence, and expend on the most contemptible follies, and the most insignificant pursuits, more money and time, than would be requisite to make the wretched bless them, and to cause "the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Various are the ways in which female talents and industry may be useful to the poor during an inclement season, with very little expence to themselves. The attention and advice of those who have had the advantages of education, and who move in a higher sphere, will often be of more utility to the poor, than considerable sums of money indiscriminately and injudiciously distributed. Young ladies who are not under the necessity of labouring for themselves, have much to answer for, if they apply none of their leisure to the benefit of the poor. By making up articles of dress for them, by teaching their children the outlines of their duty to God, their neighbours, their parents, and themselves, by many nameless acts of kindness and encouragement, by assistance when more immediately wanted, and by enforcing the necessity of industry, economy, and virtue, they may render themselves a blessing to their vicinity, and "lay up for themselves treasures which neither rust nor moth will corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

The OLD WOMAN has nothing to add to her observations on MADELINE's situation, which her own good sense will not naturally suggest. If she encourages a son to be *undutiful*, by marrying him, in opposition to the will of his parents, she may reasonably expect that the husband will be *faithless*, and she will only have herself to reproach for her pains. An undutiful son or daughter will never make a good husband or wife. Parents, no doubt, cannot always see with the eyes of lovers; but in general, they see, feel, and act, for the real happiness of their offspring.

REFINED DELICACY.

AN ANECDOTE.

BELVILLE saw a thousand beauties in Matilda; she had the most tender attachment to Belville; and, as nothing hindered, the happiest union was soon compleated between them. The more he saw of her, the more excellence he discovered, the more he admired her, the more he loved her. But, alas! where is perfection? As the connection became more intimate, some little latent defects, some of those weeds from which the human soil was yet never free, appeared, and he could not but wish them plucked up; not on the account of their significancy, but his peculiar admiration of the soil in which they grew: yes, that very readiness at spying defect in another, that common mark of human malignity, was in Belville the result of the most delicate sensibility. He could not bear that Matilda should be sullied with the least blemish; though he knew that that blemish, like a flaw in a diamond, was discovered only by the lustre that surrounded it. Matilda had the most tender and generous attachment to Belville, and she observed this silent, this secret uneasiness; for though his delicacy prevented his expressing it, yet her good sense, or rather her affection, soon discovered it. She now grew uneasy in her turn; but as her reason was not less strong than her delicacy was refined, she debated with herself, what could be the cause of this uneasiness in Belville. "Let me (said Matilda) surmount, if possible, the natural blindness of partiality, and look into my own breast, to see if there be not something there that may have affected Belville." She did so; she examined her behaviour, she examined her temper; she compared them not with her own sensations, but with those which were expressed by other people; and, above all, she watched the expression of Belville's countenance, to see if she could not discover some defect in herself, by a correspondency in his features

features when it appeared. "If (says she) I see any mark of disapprobation in Belville, I shall trust to that information much more than to my unconsciousness of demerit." Thus, in the condescending tenderness of her soul, did she determine, and the refinement of her heart prevailed. She read in Belville's face, not only what he was too generous to unfold, but what she herself had never suspected. Alas! the very place which it is most necessary we should enter, is generally the best guarded by prejudice against our own tuition; but, before her candor, her reason, and, above all, the delicacy of her passion for Belville, pride and prejudice immediately gave way: she disputed not a moment with her own heart, she saw its imperfection in as strong a light as she would have done the imperfection of another; nay, she saw it in a light which made it appear greater than it was. Beautiful excess! amiable error! she thought it infinitely greater than Belville had ever done. "I hate myself, (said Matilda.) What! could I want discernment to see the least sparkle of that in myself, which would have glared in my eyes from another! Poor Belville; thou shalt be satisfied. I would before have sacrificed my life to thee; I will now do what I find would have been harder for me to have done, hadst thou not thus generously taught me the lesson; to thee I will sacrifice even my pride." Belville observed in Matilda an attention yet more scrupulous than she had before shewn even to him; a sensibility, an attractive softness, a love which even surpassed her own. He observed too, that whatever little peccadillo had thus grieved him, was removed with the utmost complacency and chearfulness. Matilda seemed not to have hesitated a moment between the pleasing Belville and displeasing herself; nay, she found that to be pleasing, which she saw to be meritorious; or rather, she found that to be pleasing to herself, which she thought would be pleasing to Belville. How endearing! how lovely! Belville could not help

help seeing this alteration in Matilda. "What, (says he,) has Matilda's superior discernment and virtue, *corrected* defects which others want faculties to *see*? It is very strange; no one could have told her that they hurt me, for I never told it to any one." One evening as Matilda was sitting with Belville, "Tell me, (says she,) has there been nothing through the day that has displeased Belville? Ah, tell me if there has; for your approbation is to me much preferable to my own!" "Dear Matilda, (replied he,) whence such a doubt? The truest, the most efficacious method of giving me pleasure, is to receive it yourself: and believe me, Matilda, there is no better mark of having done right, than the very doubt of having done wrong. But of doing wrong thou art incapable; and mayest thou ever enjoy the reward of thy tenderness and generosity!" Belville—see the strange effects of delicacy!—he who had been hurt by what he thought something of a defect in Matilda, grew now yet more uneasy at its removal, the very thing he had desired: it seemed to him as if he had been guilty of some involuntary reproach, some indelicacy of carriage to his beloved Matilda. He grew melancholy. Matilda—she who was happy only by his happiness—soon saw it, and resolved to mention it. "Belville, (said she,) the great, the only joy of my life, is to see you easy and happy. I fear you have something within your breast that affects you. O could I remove it!——" "Dear Matilda, (said he,) every transport, every endearment that I experience, comes from you; every pain must proceed from you; and while I am sure you have no pain, I can have none: But I am not worthy thy goodness!"—"Alas! (said Matilda,) I have lived but to offend you, and perhaps still more myself." A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes; and as the two lovers had often catched from each other the tenderness of joy, so did they now the anguish of grief. As soon as they found words, they insensibly proceeded to the original delicacy of the distress, and each

each renewed a mutual sorrow, occasioned by that of the other. It seemed as if all the natural self-love of the human mind was increased in these two persons, but that each was intrusted with the portion belonging to the other. The contest was not which should gain most, but which should concede most; and nothing could be so real, or so endearing, as the mutual confidence which each reposed in the other. "Ah, Matilda! can I thus have tormented thee?" (said Belville.) "Ah, Belville, (said she,) can I have been thus unworthy!" "Name not the word, (said he,) if thou would'st not wound the soul that lives but for thee." "My faults, (said she)—— "Name them not; I cannot bear the sound: Name them not, my dear Matilda, as thou lovest my being." Belville was ashamed, confounded, and shocked; he considered every constitutional cast, every bent, every disposition, of Matilda as so much celestial perfection; nay, the very things he had wished a little changed in her character, became suddenly perfections in his eyes; and clasping his dear Matilda in his arms, "I loved thee (said he) for thy perfections; I adore thee, be they real or imaginary, for thy imperfections."

A.

On the various Motives for Contentment among Men.

WHEN we are very young, we admire and envy the person of one man, the riches of another, the parts of another; the house, the gardens, the horses, of another; the bodily accomplishments, the what not; the beauties and advantages which result from art, or nature, or fortune, wherever we find them; and we fail not to suppose, that the possessor of them enjoys the happiness that we imagine they would give to us. How pleasing is such a man in his person or accomplishments, and what advantages must he have over such another, who is so much his inferior in every thing! But we then little consider

sider what it is that the enjoyment of these advantages must arise from; we do not reflect how much of it depends upon others, upon their sentiments, opinion, and behaviour; nor how much depends upon the mind and disposition of the possessor himself. When we are grown older, and various disappointments of what we have thought our most reasonable expectations have made us wiser, we admire, or we may do so at least, the curious dispensation of the benefits of this world, which so often makes up a real deficiency by an imaginary advantage. A man is neither pleasing in his person or character; he fancies himself so in both; and the illusions of his vanity produce real happiness, for they do not suffer him to see that the opinion of the world is different from his own. Another, who has neither taste nor discernment, admires a woman with false beauty, and an affected understanding; he admires her offspring, who are equally deficient; and he admires himself in both, with such a confident fondness, that it would be impossible for Truth herself to shew him his mistake. If the world swarms with imperfections, it swarms also with minds that can enjoy them; and to such minds, superior discernment will be no more missed or desired, than sight by a man born blind: but as it must be granted that those who see, have a natural capacity for happiness which the blind have not; so it is true, that, when natural advantages are possessed with a suitable temper and disposition, and in such circumstances as give them a proper effect upon others, they not only produce a proportionate sensation of happiness to the possessor, but also eclipse those that derive their happiness from mere imaginary perfection, who will themselves, by a necessary impulse, feel their own inferiority. But, alas! when do these various requisites for happiness meet? The philosopher may draw specious conclusions, and indulge the most delicious hopes with respect to futurity, but *little* must he expect to find their concurrence here; *never* must he conclude that in this world superiority is happiness. A.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

O, Charity, our helpless Nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Chearing with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Ought like the incense of thy holy flame?

BOWLES.

MARGARETTA, the lovely and amiable Duchess of Drelingforth, trained up a blooming family in the practice of those virtues for which she was herself universally revered. She studied no system of education, but pursued that which her excellent understanding, and feeling heart, dictated: to formal rules, she was a decided enemy; reason suggested to her, the different sort of culture necessary for various soils, and she had the happiness to find her care and assiduity crowned with success. The practice of benevolence was her daily recreation: she rose with the sun, mounted her horse, (for the objects of her charity were not confined to the close environs of the castle,) and followed by her faithful Duncan, who carried a basket, well stocked with food, wine, or linen, for her distressed pensioners, commenced her benevolent rounds. Returning, one morning, from an excursion of this nature, the Duchess paused a few moments on the brow of an eminence which commanded a view of the surrounding country, and beheld, with enthusiastic rapture, the glorious spectacle of the rising luminary: the lark, soaring high above her head, begun his matin song, and swelled her bosom with delight; while at her feet, as if in humble gratitude, the neat cottages reared their heads, to draw a tear of self-approving joy, from the benefactress, who had made their indigent inmates happy. From this satisfactory contemplation the Duchess was unpleasantly roused by the loud re-

port of a gun, which startled her horse, and caused him to precipitate himself and rider down the tremendous steep. The Duchess being an excellent horsewoman, kept her seat for some time; while the terrified Duncan remained above, incapable of motion, and expecting every instant to see his beloved mistress dashed to pieces. From this apprehension he was, however, soon relieved, by the appearance of a youth, who sprung from behind a craggy point of the cliff, and seizing the reins which the Duchess had just dropped, received her as she fell fainting to the ground. Duncan now hastened to the assistance of his lady; and having succeeded in reviving her, descended the declivity in pursuit of the affrighted animal, who still continued his course with unabating speed; while Margaretta, left alone with the stranger, surveyed her preserver with looks of mingled admiration and surprize. The age of her companion seemed not to exceed fourteen; but the subject of astonishment to the Duchess was, that no sexual distinction of dress marked the habit of the intrepid stranger. A vest of plaid, with a fanciful drapery, formed totally out of the fashion of the country, would have bewildered her conjectures, had not the fowling-piece, which had caused the alarming accident, and which the Duchess had not before noticed, convinced her, that she owed her preservation to a gentleman; and her embarrassment was considerable on the occasion, as her hurt was more severe than she had at first imagined. The stranger wore a small beaver, adorned by a plume of purple and black feathers, which, with the addition of red buskins, and a sash of net-work, gave an air of fanciful distinction, which strangely puzzled Margaretta. "My mother's residence is not far distant from this spot, Madam," said the obliging youth: "your uncle seems to pain you much; if you will honour our humble habitation by your presence, we will exert ourselves to give you every accommodation in our power."

power." Margaretta bowed assent; for at that moment excessive pain would not allow her the power of uttering her gratitude. Duncan, no less astonished than his lady, while he supported her on one side, gazed on the stranger who held her other arm, with inquisitive earnestness; who, modestly retiring, seemed to shrink from his scrutinising glances. The Duchess, after many painful efforts, reached the cottage pointed out by her conductor; around which, every object wore an aspect of peculiar care and elegant taste; romantically situated, and concealed from the public path, by thick hedges of broom and hazlewood; while the other side opened into a beautiful parterre to the south, and commanded an extensive prospect of a wild, though beautifully variegated country. They were welcomed at the door by a female of delicate form and sickly complexion, whose every look expressed anxiety and fear. She viewed her visitors, at first, with a degree of timid embarrassment. "Osborne," she articulated in a tremulous tone, "I have been looking for your return a long time; I fear some accident." Then fixing her eyes upon the Duchess, whom she had before regarded with very slight notice, a sudden flush passed across her cheek, and left it more deadly pale than before. Margaretta bowed. "To apologize to you, Madam, for this abrupt intrusion," said she, "I perceive I need only say, that my life has been in imminent danger; and was only preserved by the active zeal of your son, who, under the immediate direction of heaven, came so readily to my aid." As she spoke, Osborne and the lady exchanged looks of confusion; and the former retired, just as a servant girl came in with a fomentation, which she begged permission to apply. Margaretta held out her foot; and the lady, with a faint smile, replied, in answer to her address, "The Duchess of Drelingforth can scarcely do herself the injustice to imagine any sort of apology necessary, for an honor conferred upon

those, who have long known and respected her virtues." Inexpressibly pleased with the unaffected politeness of this kind and apparently refined cottager, whose name she learnt was Fitzroy, the Duchess again repeated her thanks; adding, "Believe me, dear Madam, I shall ever reckon myself a debtor on the score of obligation to your son." Again Mrs. Fitzroy coloured; and replied hastily, "My daughter, Madam." Margaretta felt whimsically embarrassed, which being observed by the mother of her young preserver, she continued, "I perceive that you, Madam, with the rest of the world, are astonished at the strange appearance of Osborne: by accounting for it to you, I shall, perhaps, lay myself open to ridicule, as well as censure, while I acknowledge, that my early days were marked by a variety of romantic flights. In the education of my child, I have not been more consistent, but I derive advantages from the pursuit of my plan, which strangers are not able to judge. Osborne is at once my companion and protector: with many feminine accomplishments, she possesses some of those talents which distinguish the other sex; for, as her strength of mind and constitution admit of superior energies, I know not why the dispensations of Nature should be overruled by idle prejudices. The gun of Osborne sometimes procures us a variety of repast: she is a skilful angler, a stranger to fear, almost insensible of fatigue; and alive to every sentiment of generosity and affection, she is my solace and support under the afflictive recollections of past sorrows." Tears started to the eyes of Mrs. Fitzroy, as she proceeded. "My child is at once capable of actions admirable in either sex. I feel, perhaps, the partiality of a mother; but you, Madam, have a natural and dear excuse ready for such feelings. I own my plan may appear absurd, and full of danger, yet I prefer it to that affectation of female sensibility, so miserably substituted *for delicacy*, or the helpless weaknesses of fashionable

fashionable refinement. By the exercises in which Osborne is engaged, her health is preserved. You may perceive, Madam, the florid glow of content and an unimpaired constitution on her cheek." Too polite to start objections, where she perceived such deep-rooted attachment to a system, which she herself disapproved, the Duchess remained silent. The entrance of Osborne spared her the necessity of replying; and she paid her respects to Margaretta with such grace and dignity, as filled the Duchess with admiration at this Caledonian prodigy.

Duncan being dispatched to the Castle for a carriage, as Margaretta felt herself incapable of remounting, she took the opportunity of expressing a wish, that she would consider herself an invited guest at the Castle, during the approaching annual festival on her daughter's birth-day, which was likewise the eighteenth anniversary of her marriage with the Duke of Drelingforth. Mrs. Fitzroy returned her thanks; but observed, that her present indifferent state of health would, she hoped, be considered a sufficient excuse for her declining the intended honor; but that, to evince her grateful sense of the favour confered by the invitation, she would accept it for her daughter; only begging to observe, that as they had no pretensions above the state in which she found them, it was her intention, that Osborne should associate only with her accustomed companions, a party of select villagers, and with them partake the rural festivities at the Castle. Thus peremptorily declining all distinction, she put a stop to the solicitations of the Duchess, who could not but admire her sentiments and spirit; and the carriage being then ready, contented herself with repeating her invitation, and bidding them a friendly farewell. When the carriage could no longer be discerned by the inhabitants of the cottage, Mrs. Fitzroy sunk into a chair, and remained some time in silent meditation; sometimes uttering broken sentences; and when she

thought herself unobserved, wiping away the tears which stole down her cheeks. "Dearest Mother, what afflicts you?" cried Osborne, alarmed by this unusual emotion. "Gloomy reflections, my love," replied Mrs. Fitzroy, "which, in defiance of my exertions, steal on me when I think how happily the children of that excellent woman are protected, and compare their lot with the fate that awaits you, should Heaven deprive you of my care. Alas! Osborne, can I assure myself it would not be a desirable event? My fondness has been even to you an injury, and the severity of your destiny can only be mitigated by my death: even then, new evils will surround you: the unmerited disgrace"—"Do not, do not," cried Osborne, hastily running into her arms, "distract me by these unnecessary self-reproaches! Am not I your child; and, next to my Creator, have not you the supreme right of my disposal? Have I ever murmured at an injunction of yours; or do you cruelly believe any earthly advantage could compensate to me your loss? Oh, no! whatever may be my fate, should I live to deplore that sad event, I now shudder at the distant contemplation of it. I trust I have acquired strength of mind sufficient, to bear with becoming resolution any state of misfortune; nor will I ever be the wretch to reflect a shadow of reproach upon the parent who lived but for me." Osborne pressed her cheek close to that of Mrs. Fitzroy, and their tears mingled. "You do, indeed, make me proud of my work," said the fond mother: may you never forget the maxims I have endeavoured to root in your heart; may you judge equally favorably of me when I think proper to relate to you the whole of my melancholy tale." "Oh, my mother," cried Osborne, "you often prepare me for a sad recital; why not now impart to your anxious child, the sorrows which oppress you? Can you doubt my prudence, my affection?" "Neither, neither, love," replied Mrs. Fitzroy; "but fresh obstacles

stacles daily, hourly, arise: your fate is not wholly in my hands; I am but the agent of a superior power, and silence is the task imposed: a severe one it is to my maternal feelings, but it must be so." Osborne pressed the hand of her mother, in token of satisfaction and obedience; the subject was dropped, and the usual occupation of the day succeeded.

When the Duchess returned home, she related to the Duke the events of the morning. He expressed much dissatisfaction at her wishing to establish an intimacy between his family and "*such people.*" The mother, he pronounced to be some adventuress, who wished to impose upon the credulity of those who had the power to afford her pecuniary assistance; and her hoyden daughter, he declared totally unfit to mix in any respectable society. Illiberal as this appeared to Margaretta, she forbore to make any comment; convinced, that any opposition would but irritate him the more; and he soon after, relaxing his austere features into an appearance of complacency, imparted to her a determination of which she had been hitherto totally ignorant: this was no other than his long secretly cherished scheme of uniting his daughter, Lady Alexina, to his ward, Monmouth Grafton. Startled at a plan so artfully contrived and concealed, the Duchess declined giving any immediate decision; and conjured him earnestly, to be first convinced, whether they entertained for each other, those sentiments of reciprocal affection so necessary to ensure them permanent happiness. The features of the Duke became inflamed with resentment, for she spoke with earnestness; and an involuntary sigh betrayed, that her own unhappy destiny was not absent from her thoughts. The Duke replied, in an impatient tone, "You need not, Madam, embrace this as an opportunity of shewing, how much you still do, and ever have abhorred *me*. I know every thought of your deceitful heart; I know it is still filled with the image of my rival, who, to do him justice,

justice, would despise the offering of an unfaithful wife." "Cruel, unmanly insult!" cried the Duchess, bursting into tears, "you know your reproaches to be as unjust to me, as degrading to yourself; and I pity you for your own conscious unworthiness." The just severity of this reply would at another time have exasperated him highly; but the Duke had now a point to carry, and checked his passion, saying, in a mild tone, "Well, well, Margaretta, I can forgive more freely than I censure; but, to continue the subject this unworthy altercation has interrupted, I have given the matter all due consideration. That the young people are really attached to each other is already evident; and as Lord Edmund has at this time no relative living, but a brother who is his elder, and a man addicted to the most unamiable propensities, it is not likely he will ever be the friend of Monmouth, whose father has ever been the object of his most invincible hatred. Under these circumstances, the match I propose is highly eligible to the youth, as it secures my protection; which I am resolved wholly to withdraw, if I am tormented by opposition to a plan so generally advantageous: except as the destined husband of my daughter, Monmouth remains no longer under my roof; I shall consign him to those friends who may consult his interest better than I have hitherto done." These arguments effectually silenced the Duchess, and drew from her a reluctant consent, that the proposal should be made to Lord Edmund in her name; and she read in the working of her husband's stern brow, a latent design which all her discernment could not penetrate. Avarice, she knew, was his predominant passion; and to this she, at first, attributed his eagerness for a match he would otherwise have disdained. But the Duke's scheme lay yet deeper, which time alone served to develope. To account for the dissimilarity of disposition so obvious in the Duke and Duchess, it may be necessary to enter into a brief detail of the circumstances

cumstances which caused their union. Margaretta was the only daughter of Sir William Maxwell, a dissipated Baronet, whose early irregularities rendered it necessary for him, shortly after the birth of this first child, to remove his family to the Continent; yet, notwithstanding his shattered fortunes, the views of Sir William, for the aggrandizement of this lovely girl, were extremely ambitious. Among the many admirers her charms attracted, were some wealthy and noble; but the heart of Miss Maxwell was not to be won by the adventitious endowments of fortune, or the suavity of fashionable manners. At the age of sixteen she bestowed her affections on Lord Edmund Grafton, the younger son of a noble family; a youth of unexceptionable manners, and captivating person; but an unfortunate difference of political principles existing between the families, threw insurmountable obstacles in the way of the young couple. The Duke of Drelingforth, at that time, came to Paris from Italy; he was then making the tour of Europe, and had just acceded to his title, on the demise of an elder brother. He saw Margaretta, admired her, and made proposals to her parents, who received them with eager joy, and commanded their daughter to bestow her hand immediately on the Duke. Margaretta was not the child of romance; her mildness of disposition, and just sense of propriety, taught her to endeavour, by every consideration of her duty to her parents, to get the better of a hopeless attachment, as it was not probable the parents on either side would consent to the union. The ardent Lord Edmund would have married her in defiance of every danger, but her heart revolted against disobedience. Her father, she knew, was obstinate, and of a tyrannical disposition. Lady Maxwell was an obedient wife, and an affectionate mother: to save her declining years from the misery of disgraceful obscurity, Margaretta resolved to sacrifice the dearest affections of her heart, and with passive though heart-breaking

submission

submission to their wishes, became the Duchess of Drelingforth. Alike undazzled by the splendor of her newly acquired rank, and insensible to the blandishments of her husband, Margaretta expected not to meet with happiness in the connubial state. The young Duke, high spirited and proud, felt his vanity gratified by the possession of the most beautiful woman in Paris, and his triumph was increased by the knowledge of his having carried away the prize from the all-accomplished Lord Edmund: from him, for whom all the haughty beauties of England were sighing. Beneath the gaudy trappings of gaudy magnificence, the poor Duchess carried a heart, in which the thorn of anguish was rankling. Wedded to a man entirely dissimilar from herself in disposition and pursuits, one whom, the first hours of endearment passed, was disposed to place the most harsh construction on all her actions, and resent with severity every trivial offence, and harrassed besides by the idea of Lord Edmund's unhappiness, she suffered her concealed agony to prey upon her spirits, and rob her cheek of its usual bloom. She endured all the gradations of the Duke's overbearing capricious temper with uncomplaining meekness. She was sensible of the wrong she had done him in giving him her hand, merely in compliance with family views; and had now no means of reparation, but implicit submission to his will. For the sake of her infant family, it was necessary to preserve appearances; and while, by an undeviating perseverance in integrity, she claimed, at least, the semblance of respect from her husband, she knew the tongues of the censorious must be silent; and she mingled in the gay parties selected by the Duke, with every external appearance of satisfaction; attracting, undesignedly, the admiration of one sex, and the envy of the other. A few revolving years produced many changes: the parents of Margaretta were deprived by death of their coveted honors; and Lord Edmund Grafton, some time

time after the marriage of the Duchess, sought to banish the remembrance of his loss, by uniting himself with a lady whose virtues, nothing but the unfortunate predilection he felt for Miss Maxwell could have withheld him from acknowledging. He repayed her preference and attachment with respectful tenderness; and as he became daily more acquainted with her many amiable qualities, he gradually succeeded in his endeavours to chase from his breast, every sentiment derogatory to her interest and his own honor. Such is the triumph of virtuous exertions over an unfortunate passion. The knowledge of this circumstance, and the happiness of Lord Edmund, restored Margaretta to a degree of tranquillity, which had been long unknown to her: her children were new calls upon her attention, and to them she devoted every care, and every wish.

(To be continued.)

ON CUNNING.

IT would be doing *cunning* too much honor to call it an inferior species of true discernment. Every good quality seems to be mimicked by some mock quality that is bad. *Cunning*, then, is a mock discernment. As we read of a certain wild beast who has another ready to assist him in his robberies, so is one bad quality of the mind often assisted by another; and *cunning* is the Jackall of *perfidy*. When *cunning* appears, therefore, we should always suspect its companion to be near. Its common contrivances also put me in mind of the preservative instinct I have sometimes observed in beasts, which lays a plot that is extremely artful, and well concealed in many parts, but at the same time left so open in some one, that it is perfectly easy for superior intelligence to see and understand the whole complication of the contrivance.

A.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER,

JUST ON THE POINT OF MARRIAGE.

YOUR situation, my beloved child, at the moment when I am about to resign you into the arms of another, is calculated to awaken every tender feeling, and to arouse all the delicious, yet anxious energies of maternal sensation; to recall to fond remembrance, the period, when I thought the throes I had just endured, amply repaid, by receiving you into this bosom. These arms have hitherto fondly cherished you; and, with a solicitude, which you cannot know, till you have passed through the same course of duties, I have watched over you, and directed your every step; have endeavoured, without intermission, to set you an example; to be as a pattern ever before your eyes, suited to excite in your young heart, an earnest desire of growing up to the same image: in the accomplishment of this, I have constantly aspired after greater degrees of perfection; and whatever may have been my infirmities in the execution of this most important office, I have succeeded in guiding your tender years through the age of inexperience, through the period of new sensations and lively sensibilities, till I am about to place you in the temple of Love and Honor.

It is a great alleviation of the anxiety, which, as your mother, I must experience on the present occasion, that you have enjoyed the full benefit of a virtuous education; of examples of every kind, which can prepare a young woman to be a treasure to her husband: you have a father, whose mild and beneficent exercise of authority must have taught you to wish, that your husband may possess all the prerogatives, which all laws, divine and human, have given him in the headship of his own house, and to remove far from you, every desire of degrading, much more of endeavouring to make him contemptible, by any efforts to usurp his place yourself.

It

It does not become your mother to say more, than that she has not been a disgrace to her connections.

As you have seen love and harmony reigning between your parents, and shedding their benign influence upon their offspring, so you have participated in the benefits arising therefrom: you have beheld affection and purity, the implantation of nature in the hearts of brothers and sisters towards each other, thus fostered, bring forth goodly fruit: in your brothers, decency in words and actions, gallant behaviour and generous protection towards their sisters, and all of the same sex: in your sisters, modesty and every sweet attractive grace. In such society, you have tasted the most cordial endearments that can be derived from the innocent intercommunity of the sexes, serving to confirm, instead of injuring, the deep root which Nature has given to modesty in a female breast.

Thus the fond heart of your mother exults in the prospect of seeing her dear girl exchange her truly virgin charms for the "virgin majesty" of the nuptial state, as your favorite Milton has expressed it; an author, of whom Dr. Johnson (no way partial to him) says, that his whole works contain no idea that can pollute the reader's mind: even this, though it may be called negative, is great praise, considering the purposes to which poetry is too often applied.

What woman, in whom innate purity has been preserved, does not feel the inspiring influence of this great poet's applying the term Virgin* to Eve, after her connection with Adam? We here see him joining the youthful bloom, sweetness and innocence of the maid, with the sedateness and benign gravity of the matron; combining sprightliness in the one with the solemnity of marriage vows in the other; the sweet simplicity and chearfulness of the maid with dignity of character and sanctity of condition in the

* Paradise Lost, B. ix. l. 270.

wife, and making chastity, like the thread of gold in tissue, run through the whole. How has he preserved consistency, whenever he adverts to this subject! Shewing, that he well understood,

> Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
> Of purity and place and innocence,

that the true idea of chastity can only be formed in the mind in the sacred band of marriage; that in this great ordinance of nature, the connection between one man and one woman, founded in affection, and inviolably adhered to, purity is carried to its proper pitch, chastity is placed upon its proper basis.

I have chosen to dwell chiefly on that, in which your honor and happiness must principally consist; in which you are made, as it were, the depositary of the honor and happiness of your husband, of his family and your own, and of your posterity for generations to come, which would be disgraced by your unworthy conduct, as long as your name was remembered. Do not be alarmed at this weight of honor you are called to sustain; it shall be supported with ease, and the trust discharged with dignity, by my child, taught, as she has been, to respect herself and her father's house, and to reflect upon the claim her sex and society have upon her for her example.

To these powerful motives to duty, will now be superadded, the inexhaustible delight you will find, in constituting the chief earthly felicity, and ministering to the enjoyment, of the worthy man who has preferred you to all your sex; has confided to you the future comfort of his life; has chosen you to be the keeper of his honor, and the mother of his children.

I will not expatiate farther at present, than to express my firm persuasion, that if my life is spared, I shall see my daughter "shine as conspicuously" as a WIFE and MOTHER, as she has done in the single state in her father's house.

I.

CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

AMONG the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints, none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta, who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia, to offer homage to the Saint, the patron and protector of their island; and visit the grotto in which he resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. There are between two and three hundred of these vehicles in Malta, clumsily built, but well calculated for the steep and uneven roads of the country. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk, or ride on mules or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover the head and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower order alone: every description of women at Malta, who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous by links; a white pair of trowsers, neatly fringed at the bottom; a cloth cap, of a conical form, which falls to either side of the head; fancy coloured stockings; shoes calculated for dancing, the upper part of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six o'clock all the people are assembled in the Old

City, where a grand procession commences, composed of the Bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the Holy Order. The procession being over, masses are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop, decorated in his robes, and crowned with the valuable mitre, (which, by some chance, escaped the plundering grasp of the French,) officiates, and preaches a sermon in the Italian language, adapted to the occasion. The music and singing is so inchanting, that it inspires every breast with devotion. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their Saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people proceed about eleven o'clock in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Bosquetto, from the number of orange trees, fig-trees, &c. with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree; where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry, who go here

on

on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Bosquetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement; they look on, and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician, and interrupt his performance, by slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others is arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. Of the merit of the poetry, an Englishman can form no judgment, being totally ignorant of the language in which it is delivered; and which is that corrupt species of Arabic spoken by all the common people. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is thus:—Two rustics, standing at a distance from each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for preeminence: he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. The fashionable part of this assembly having passsed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural festivity, returns to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer, who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below him, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realised. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements of *Bosquetto*, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the Old City, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city forms the race course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony, near the winning post, are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the Bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size, and peculiar beauty, at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given, they start nearly a mile from the winning post; and when they arrive at about an hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step farther. The friends of each ass gather round him; some pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on a-pace, and every one returns home, well-pleased with the amusements of the day, which affords a topic of conversation for a week after.

A.

ON MASCULINE MANNERS IN THE FAIR SEX.

I HAVE before expressed my sincere wish, that any thing I may say on so delicate and critical a subject as the manners or dress of the ladies, will be received by them with that indulgence so natural to the female mind; regarding it as the result of an earnest desire of contributing to their instruction and amusement. I am, therefore, particularly anxious, that, if any fair lady should so far honor me as to peruse any of my *sage remarks*, she will allow, that, though I may fail in my purpose, I am at least engaged in a good cause; and cold I think must be the heart, that would not feel interested, when favored with such encouragement, and engaged in so fair a service. In proportion, therefore, as I have the welfare and improvement of the most beautiful part of the creation at heart, in the same proportion, I feel hurt at any thing that can be construed to their disadvantage, or can in any degree be said to lessen the worth and dignity of the female character.

I have often thought it a pleasing subject of contemplation, to observe the contrast there is in what may be said to constitute the qualifications and endowments of the two sexes; which, however, so far from producing any variance between them, are most admirably calculated to harmonize and unite them together by the tenderest ties of love and affection. Nature, ever wise, and perfect in her operations, has bestowed on either sex, those endearing qualities which make them appear amiable in the eyes of each other; thus begetting that affectionate attachment which constitutes so large a portion of human happiness; and it is our own fault if we weaken their influence, by endeavouring to invent others, instead of improving those we have. This is certainly the case,

case, when any one has so far lost sight of the distinction there is in the endowments of the two sexes, as to suppose that what they admire in the other, will appear to equal advantage in their own. Thus it is not uncommon to see the manly character sink into the effeminacy of a modern *petit máitre*, or the charms of feminine beauty given up for the bold and masculine manners which appertain exclusively to the opposite sex.

Might I be allowed to hazard a conjecture, as to the qualities which appear most engaging in the eyes of the fair, I should conceive, that a manly deportment, a figure uniting strength and elegance, courage, generosity, contempt of danger, and other manly attributes, were qualities that had no small influence; one, possessing strength of body, and energy of mind, sufficient to protect the weaker sex from injury, and smooth the rugged paths of life. Thus we find that brave and gallant exploits have always been rewarded by the smiles of beauty; thereby conferring the sweetest reward their brave defenders could receive. How far this will apply to some of the characters of the present day, one may sometimes see supporting themselves on the arm of a lady, is aside from my present purpose to discuss.

On the other hand, with regard to what principally confers those graces which render the fair sex so irresistibly charming, might I be allowed to judge of the sentiments of others by my own, I should say, that softness and delicacy of manners, unaffected beauty, unassuming worth, modesty happily blended with good-humor, formed some of the leading traits in the picture: that true feminine beauty, which may, perhaps, be more easily conceived than described; which is eqally captivating and unassuming; because conscious of its own powers of charming, it seeks not by boldness, loudness, or any masculine appendage, to force itself into notice.

Thus

Thus the qualifications of the two sexes, though forming in themselves an evident contrast, serve to illustrate each other; conveying mutual admiration and delight: and even the weakness and timidity of the fair sex, so far from appearing unamiable, confers an additional interest to beauty, and rouses every manly feeling in its protection. To exchange, therefore, any thing that serves to heighten the charms of youth and beauty, for an unnatural affectation of masculine attainments, must, I think, proceed either from a disregard of endeavouring to gain the affections of others, or from a misconception wherein the power of doing it consists.

There is nothing perhaps that we form our first conceptions of any person from more at first sight, or on a short acquaintance, than their dress, as composing the most ostensible trait of character on which we can ground an opinion; and it is perhaps a remark may hold good, that a person's real character is more fully depictured in the outward adornings of their person, than in the features of the countenance; since physiognomy, notwithstanding all that Lavater has said upon the subject, has been often known to deceive; but we never yet knew an instance of a penurious miser expensively equipped by a fashionable tailor; or a modern beau, clad in the habiliments of a wardrobe, bequeathed him by his grandfather. Seeing then the intimate connection which our outward appearance has with regard to the opinion of others, I cannot too earnestly recommend to my fair readers, to be extremely cautious how they give up either in manners, or outward appearance, any particle of their natural beauty and softness, for the assumption of acquirements, which, when assumed, are only as so many clouds upon the clear sunshine of female beauty.

These kind of innovations slide unthinkingly and imperceptibly upon us; and having in some measure, the all-prevailing name of fashion, to give them a more

more specious appearance, soon become familiar, and afterwards habitual; till what would have shocked our delicacy, and awakened our disgust, becomes first palatable—then pleasing—and thus the beauties of the female character—beauties, which, when preserved in native purity and excellence, would fire the ardor of youth, and thaw the ice of age,—are lost in an unnatural boldness and forwardness of deportment, which, though it may at first attract some notice, especially when aided by some degree of what is commonly called beauty, will never create that involuntary and lasting esteem, which is the surest basis of love.

Many instances might I think be adduced to prove, how easily things which would once have been seen, or even heard of with surprize, will become easy and familiar by use. Thus I conceive a fair nun, when parting with the beautiful ringlets which adorned her shoulders, preparatory to her quitting the gay scenes of the world for the glooms of a cloister, would have testified as much surprize at being told it was no more than would one day be the prevailing fashion of her sex, than a lady would now, to hear it would soon become common to appear in public without any hair at all! And thus perhaps the ladies of the last century would have been as much shocked to hear that a female had appeared nearly habited like a man, or that a tailor was become more indispensible than a staymaker, as a lady of the present day would be to hear, it was becoming *fashionable* to solicit the hand of a gentleman in marriage, or for a young lady to go to the parents of the object of her choice, to negociate about settlements! a proceeding which would doubtless appear shocking to many, who nevertheless, if they continue in a progressive state of improvement, must arrive at it, or the character will not be complete.

For my own part, I am so strenuous an advocate for what, I conceive, forms the true loveliness of the sex, that it is not without regret I can see, even the slightest

slightest advances towards any thing which may bear such an interpretation; and something of this sort I cannot help feeling, when I see such charming female beauties as a pretty foot and ancle disguised by a leather boot, or a lady's bosom displaying the semblance *ad exteriorem* of a light horseman's jacket; *ornaments* which as they can only claim imitative merit, might be supplied I conceive (from the great opinion I have of the inventive genius of the ladies, in a branch which they are allowed to stand unrivalled in) by something which, from its superior taste and elegance, would prove itself to be *all their own.*

With regard to the first, it may no doubt be said, they are a great convenience in walking; and I am far from wishing to deprive the ladies of any thing which contributes to their convenience. It may not, however, be inapplicable, to apply on this subject what Cowper says in his beautiful poem "The Task," where regretting he was deprived of the female companion of his walks, he remarks,

> "When Winter soaks the fields, then female feet,
> "Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
> "Are best at home———"

From which I think may be inferred an opinion, he would have admired a lady sitting at her needle, or engaged in any other feminine employment, more than one wading through the dirt with the modern appendage of lady's boots. With respect to the semblance *en militaire* which has lately decorated the female bosom, more perhaps may be intended than is "dreamt of in our philosophy." As I before hinted, I can by no means suppose, from the fertility of the ladies' invention in articles of dress, they would borrow, in a department they are unrivalled in, was not something more designed, than mere outward ornament. On the first appearance of these female *breast-works*, I considered them, though not in themselves

affording much specific security, yet as denoting that the hearts they were intended to defend were in a complete state of defence: that before they could be taken, either by friend or foe, there were outworks which must first be subdued. The military complexion of the times too, I thought, might well warrant the fair sex, in using more than ordinary caution; since, scarce any lady could be addressed by a lover, who did not commence his attack with the additional advantages of a scarlet coat and feather, said to be peculiarly engaging in the eyes of the fair. In this view, I could not but consider it as highly politic; at the same time manifesting an amiable diffidence of themselves; as if, being conscious of the vulnerable nature of the part thus defended, they would put it out of the power of any one to say, they had not taken proper measures of security.

Though I at first considered these as natural suggestions, yet I found, on considering the subject a little more attentively, they would by no means hold good; since it appeared evident, that the fair bosoms which were so carefully secured from all attack in a morning's walk, were perhaps in the evening, at a route or place of public amusement (surely not less dangerous places) thrown open and defenceless—exposed to the rude examination of the first fop who chose to level his opera glass in that direction. It reminded me of an actor I remember to have seen, who, after having appeared in the course of the performance well armed with a helmet and plume of feathers, made his first appearance in the field of battle, bare-headed. As I am however, at all times, anxious to do away any thing, which might be laid hold of, to the disadvantage of the female character, and thinking this might be interpreted as an evident inconsistency, I resolved to consider it further, and soon found no such imputation could attach in the present instance—since it appeared sufficiently plain, that neither of these opposites was without its peculiar

signification:

signification: the one denoting, that the hearts of the British fair were *proof* against the lawless attacks of insolent invaders; and the other as intimating, they were ever *open* to the softer attacks of their brave and generous defenders.

Though these are motives, which surely call, rather for our admiration than censure, yet it may not be improper to remark, that the latter species of attack may prove the most dangerous of the two; as being more unsuspected, and consequently less guarded against. I would not, however, be supposed as recommending to my fair readers to put on their *armour* in the latter case; conceiving that there is a kind of protection, which would perhaps more avail them in attacks of this sort, than if clad in a coat of mail: it being, I think, certain, that the greatest security of the sex lies, in preserving, on all occasions, the dignity of the female character, by that modesty and chastity of manners, which is equally distinguished from prudery or levity—without which it is impossible to confer that lustre on female beauty, which alone can render it irresistible. This I conceive to be the surest safeguard of beauty, and, as Milton elegantly expresses it,

——— "creates an awe
"About them as a guard angelic plac'd.

An awe, which will most assuredly sink the libertine and his abandoned purposes, into the confusion they deserve; and yet there is nothing so likely to encrease the ardor of an honorable passion; or any thing by which a young lady can so securely bind the affections of her lover.

To prove that this enchanting modesty of manners is one of the greatest incitements to love, I cannot help quoting a passage from the Guardian—where, writing to his friend Sir Harry Lizard, an account of a young lady he had met with, in order to make the youthful Baronet fall in love by his description,

among other excellencies he mentions the following. "As to her youth," says he, "I am reconciled to that, because she pretends to nothing above it; you don't see in her that odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries. I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in stedfastly." A pattern well worthy the imitation of the fair; which, though not, perhaps, worthy to be classed among the *fashionables* of this *improved* age, will always charm, while there remains one genuine admirer of the real beauties and excellencies of the female character.

January, 1804. HENRICUS.

ON OLD AGE.

AGE, however advanced, is capable of enjoying real pleasure. The mind becomes more disposed to seek its "*Guardian Angel and its God*," the nearer it approaches the confines of mortality. When the ardent fire of youth is extinguished, and the meridian heat of life's short day subsides into the soft tranquillity, and refreshing quietude, of its evening, we feel the important necessity of devoting some few hours to pious meditation before we close our eyes in endless night. A virtuous old man passes his days with serene gaiety, and receives, in the happiness he feels from the benedictions of all around him, a rich reward for the rectitude and integrity of his past life; for the mind reviews, with joyful satisfaction, its honorable and self-approving transactions: nor does the near prospect of the tomb give fearful emotion to his undismayed and steady soul. Z.

BENEVOLENT

BENEVOLENT RAMBLES:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SENTONIUS.

WHEN I hear mankind exclaiming against an individual for want of feeling, I immediately consider the being whom they mean to stigmatize, as the most enviable of mankind; for of what use, let me ask, is this *boasted sensibility*, but to embitter the happiness of its possessor's life? The man whose heart is invulnerable to sympathetic emotions, is a stranger to those inquietudes by which the feeling bosom is assailed; he participates not in the sorrows which afflict his fellow-creatures, and is scarcely sensible of those misfortunes which are attached to himself. Whereas the man of sensibility, not only feels his own calamities with an acuteness which render them doubly severe, but the common occurrences of life expose him to a variety of painful emotions, to which apathy and indifference must ever be estranged. The cool countenance of a friend, even the want of civility in an acquaintance, will give a pang of real inquietude to his heart; and the deceptions of mankind, and the selfish conduct of individuals, are to him, multiplied sources of affliction and grief. If he is "tremblingly alive" to the charms of friendship; if the blessings which attend the man whom he esteems, by sympathy become his own; yet, in the comparative view of life, these are trifling, when compared to the afflictions to which the generality of human beings are exposed. Yet he is not merely liable to have his feelings wounded by the misfortunes which befal those whom he is attached to; he is, alas! in danger of afflictions of a still more affecting kind; for the very being on whom he had heaped favours innumerable, may, in return for those favours, assassinate his peace!

Ingratitude is an imperfection that seems to be interwoven with our existence; else why should so many instances of it disgrace the human mind? Why should the heart, which delights in promoting the happiness of its fellow-creatures, be wounded by the very hand whom it wished to shield from distress? It has been said, that the sin of *ingratitude* is worse than the sin of *witchcraft;* but, notwithstanding this reproach, it too generally prevails; and the man who is incapable of returning an obligation, becomes the enemy of him from whom it has been received.

Sentonius was a man formed in the most perfect mould of nature; his heart was the seat of every virtue, his mind was adorned with every grace: fortune to him had been lavish of her favours, and he came into the possession of hereditary honours at a very early age. His house was the seat of benevolence and hospitality: his friends were received with the smile of welcome, and enlivened by his cheer; and the unfortunate were not only relieved from their afflictions, but soothed by the balsamic sympathy of a tear. Such was the man, who, for kindness unbounded, was destined to meet with ingratitude of the blackest kind; the sensibility of his heart was wounded by the treachery of those he was attached to, and gave a misanthropic turn to the sensibilities of his mind. His friends proved *false!*—His wife became faithless!—His only son brought disgrace upon his name!—He retired from the world, avoided society; and pretended to be the inveterate enemy of mankind.

This apparent misanthropist, under the appearance of indifference to the woes of his fellow-creatures, concealed a heart "tremblingly alive" to every species of distress; and, notwithstanding the ungrateful return he had met with from those who were bound to him by the ties of gratitude, he performed acts of munificence that would have done honour to a prince. Still those features which used to beam with benevolence,

lence, were contracted into severity, or changed by a frown; yet, when he thought himself unobserved, his countenance was mild as the May morning, and his manners gentle as the turtle-dove. Though he avoided the society of the rich and the arrogant, he delighted in visiting the mansions of the poor; but, to prevent the possibility of their knowing the person from whom they received assistance, he never appeared twice in the same dress. Sometimes he would take his rambles, which generally extended from ten to twenty miles round his domain, dressed in the garb that seemed to promise no relief to distress; and astonished the cottagers whom he visited, by leaving them the bountiful contents of his purse. At others he would appear in more elegant apparel; when the benevolence of his heart corresponded with the gentleman-like appearance of his dress: again he would relieve them under the disguise of a Quaker; and at other times hoary locks gave the appearance of old age.

Having been intimately acquainted with Sentonius before these singularities marked his character, and being no stranger to the manner in which he spent his time, curiosity induced me to follow him in his peregrinations, though it was necessary to act with precaution, from the fear of being seen. As I knew he always went out upon these benevolent excursions at a very early hour in the morning, I placed myself behind a hedge at the bottom of his garden, on the day after I had heard he had sent to his banker for a considerable sum. These excursions he generally made about once in two months, and seldom returned home in a less space of time than five days; and I determined to pursue his footsteps, as long as my mind was gratified, or entertained.

Aurora seemed to smile upon the benevolence of his intentions, as with roseate blushes she burst forth from the chambers of the East; and scarcely had her glorious appearance enlivened the surrounding pros-

pects, when I perceived the figure of Sentonius pass through the garden gate. Though he was clothed in the garb of age, he proceeded with a rapid movement, as if he was apprehensive of being seen; though the deeds he was going to perform, were worthy of a herald to proclaim them, and deserved being published in the face of day. As my person was known to him, I also disguised myself, to prevent the possibility of his discovering my design. He had proceeded about three miles on his journey, when a party of haymakers attracted his attention, and prevented him from observing me. Amongst the number, was a young man, whose pallid appearance seemed little suited to labour and fatigue. Sentonius accosted him in the most friendly accents; enquired why he did not endeavour to obtain advice; and expressed an opinion, that, in his present situation, he must injure himself materially by attempting to work.

"Aye, master," replied the object of his compassion, supposing, by his appearance, that he was in an inferior station of life, "it is for the *rich*, you know, to nurse themselves in the time of sickness; not for such folks as you and I. Besides, I have a poor old mother, who depends upon me for a maintenance; and for her I will labour as long as I have life. I am ill enough, to be sure; for I have had the ague for the last nine months; but God, I hope, will be merciful and kind: he can make the back equal to the burden: at any rate, I am only doing the duty of a son."

"And you shall be *rewarded* for that *duty*, my worthy fellow," said the generous Sentonius, taking out a five pound note. "That will procure the necessary comforts for your aged mother, and enable you to live without work until you are in better health." The young man first gazed upon the note, then at Sentonius. Delight and astonishment deprived him of the use of speech. At length, recovering the power of utterance, he exclaimed, "No, master,

master, no; I'll not take such a sum from you! God, however, reward you, for your intention; but one quarter of this will be plenty for me."

"You must neither judge of riches, or poverty, by external appearances," replied Sentonius. "Five pounds, I assure you, is not any thing to me. But tell me your name, and where, at any future time, I shall find you, for our acquaintance must not end with the day." The young man raised his eyes to Heaven in a transport of gratitude; whilst his benefactor took out a pencil, and noted down his name; then shaking him by the hand, he wished him good morning, whilst a glow of inward satisfaction beamed from his eyes.

"If actions such as these are acceptable to the Deity," I exclaimed involuntarily, "how comes it that Sentonius has been doomed to experience such a variety of distress, whilst those, whose hearts are unacquainted with kindness or benevolence, in every thing that concerns them, appear to be blest?" This soliloquy was interrupted by observing a little boy, about four years old, run after Sentonius, and exclaim, "Oh, Sir, Sir, grandmammy is quite well!" My friend, and the boy, seemed perfectly well acquainted; for he immediately put his hand in his pocket, and took out a cake; then crossing a field, the child opened a small wicket, and the interesting object of my attention vanished from my sight. I concealed myself behind a small thatched building, until I beheld Sentonius come out of the house, and heard him distinctly say, he should go directly to poor Sophia, and perhaps might call again, upon his return. This intelligence afforded me satisfaction, as I was anxious to know what had passed between the little boy's grandmother and my friend, and winding round the place of my concealment, I came out at a lane just opposite the old woman's house. She was standing at the door, and her eyes still pursued the steps of her benefactor. I approached, without her perceiving

ing

ing me, just as she exclaimed, "Heaven bless him! for he is an angel, rather than a man!" "Who, goody, is it on whom you bestow such a divine appellation?" said I, pulling her gently by the sleeve. "Sir!" exclaimed she, in a tone of astonishment, and placing a pair of spectacles across her nose, which she held in her hand. "I wish to know who that gentleman is (I replied) who has just parted from you; for, by his walk, I am inclined to think he is my friend."

"God only knows who he is!" replied the old woman; "but I believe he is some guardian angel sent from Heaven, in a human shape. I am sure, but for him, I should have been in my grave long ago. But he has done much more for me than preserve my life." "Do tell me (said I) what he has done for you, as I feel anxious to know how he bestows the greater part of his time." "Why, in *feeding* the *hungry*, and clothing the naked; and that is bestowing his time in a manner that no one ever did but himself. I have reason enough to speak in his praise, God help me, and so has *that there* poor little boy, for he took him out of the workhouse when he was a dying; and though he is my own flesh and blood, he pays me seven shillings a week." As the old woman perceived, by my countenance, that I was interested in her story, she proceeded without waiting for my reply. "That poor babe, you must know, Sir, is both fatherless and motherless, and was put into the workhouse to save the parish from expence; though I, as being the mother of his father, offered to keep him for half a crown a week. The overseers, *howsomdever*, would not give it me; and God knows I was not able to work for the child. He went to the workhouse; and, but for that angel of a gentleman, there, the poor dear helpless babe must have died! He, it seems, heard of the loss of his parents; but how, I know no more than the child that is unborn: *howsomdever*, he goes to the parish

parish officers, takes my poor child out of their clutches, and brings him to me, with a promise of seven shillings a week; and as I have been but very poorly for the last two months, every sunday morning I receives double that sum!" .

As I was anxious to know the path Sentonius had taken, I interrupted her prolix history, by enquiring if she knew where he might be found. "Oh, yes! an please your honour," replied the old woman, "I dare say he has not left poor Sophia yet; for though she talks in such a random sort of way to her father and mother, he seems to understand every thing she says."

I naturally enquired into poor Sophia's history, and found she was related to the person who seemed so much interested in her fate. During childhood, the beauty of her person had attracted the attention of a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood, who offered to educate her at her own expence. Sophia was accordingly taken from her humble situation, and placed at school for four or five years; her vacations were always spent at the house of her benefactress, who, unfortunately for the poor girl, had a dissipated son. If the mother had been struck with the beauties of Sophia's person, it is natural to suppose her son would be the same: he saw, admired, and determined to blast the opening blossom, just as its beauties were ripening into bloom. When Sophia quitted school, she resided entirely with Mrs. Babbington, whose affection for her seemed absolutely of the maternal kind; but this was soon diminished, when she perceived her son's attachment, which became too violent for prudence to disguise. Though he pretended the most honorable love to the ill-fated Sophia, it was a degrading, unhallowed passion which he dignified with the name; yet the gratitude which Sophia felt towards her benefactress, determined her to refuse the proposals of her son. Still her heart acknowledged the superior attractions of Frederick Babbington;

Babbington; severely did she lament her lowly station of life; notwithstanding which, honor, principle, and gratitude, prevented her from consenting to become his wife. Though Frederick frequently proposed the ceremony of marriage, he determined to provide the priest, merely intending to gratify his passions; and, under the appearance of a legal form, to satisfy her mind.

At length, finding that all his plans could not induce Sophia to deviate from those principles of rectitude which were implanted in her heart, he at last resolved to prejudice his mother against her, and, if possible, induce her to turn her out of doors. For this purpose he addressed a letter to Sophia, expressive of his love and regard; but at the same time saying, the duty and affection which he owed his mother, prevented him from being at liberty in the disposing of his hand, and that it was absolutely impossible to gratify the request she had made. This letter he dropped in his mother's apartment, whose indignation against the guiltless Sophia knew no bounds. She accused her of having treacherously seduced the affections of Frederick; and wounded her feelings by the most insulting abuse. For some time the innocent girl did not attempt to repel the torrent, but at length she begged to know in what instance she had been so unfortunate as to offend; allowed that her heart felt a preference for Frederick, but that she had repeatedly refused the offer of his hand. This assertion added fuel to Mrs. Babbington's resentment; she produced the letter she had just found. Sophia had no sooner read it, than she saw through the treachery of her lover, and she determined never to behold him more. The ill-fated girl was ordered to quit the splendid habitation, in which for nine years she had lived in the most elegant style, and to return to the lowly cottage of her parents, who joyfully received their degraded child. The change of fortune, Sophia could have borne without

without repining; but the treachery of Frederick wounded her to the heart; and that heart, which had always been too much alive to feeling, was unable to sustain the exquisite pressure of its grief. Time, which alleviates common afflictions, seemed to add but to those which Sophia endured; the sorrows of her heart affected her understanding, and the unfortunate girl's intellects were totally deranged.

This simple, though affecting story, was communicated to me by the old woman with a variety of animadversions upon the baseness of Frederick's crime. From the same channel I learnt that Sentonius had consulted Doctor Willis upon her disorder, who gave it as his opinion, that it was a hopeless case. The ill-fated girl, I found, was perfectly harmless, but seemed to have taken an antipathy to all mankind; yet the gentle voice of Sentonius sometimes induced her to enter into conversation with him, and even had the power of soothing the anguish of her mind.

Having received the intelligence I wanted, after rewarding my communicator, I begged her to direct me to Sophia's abode; but she informed me, I should have a better chance of finding her in a small alcove which she had formed in a neighbouring wood. I followed the path which my instructress pointed out to me, and beheld Sentonius seated by the side of a young woman apparently about nineteen. The underwood was thick; they were in earnest conversation; and stooping down, I crept near enough to overhear their discourse.

"But why, Sophia," said Sentonius, "why will you seek this solitude? You ought not to cherish this gloomy turn of mind; you ought, my good girl, to try and occupy your attention; for recollect, that you are only entering upon life." "I have entered upon *misery*," said Sophia, in a mournful accent: "but *here*," continued she, looking round her, "*here*, I am at peace; and do you see this harbinger of it, (drawing

(drawing a dove from under her mantle;) with such a *companion*, must not my bosom be at ease?"

Sentonius was going to caress the little flutterer; but Sophia gently put back his hand. "No, (said she,) no; there is contagion in the atmosphere, and who knows but it may be communicated by a *touch*?" As she said this, her varying countenance alternately displayed symptoms of tenderness, and of fear; and, after remaining for a few moments in a musing posture, she began singing the following wild though melodious words, in a voice sweeter than it is in the power of language to describe.

Venom'd vapours fly around us!
Meteors travel through the air!
Treachery and arts surround us,
Heralds of the fiend Despair!
See—the fatal shafts descending—
Shield—Oh! shield me from their sting!

Just as she had proceeded thus far in her mournful ditty, she started from her seat with terror depictured in her eyes, replaced the dove under her mantle, and flew from the spot with the swiftness of a deer. For some moments I fancied that some vague idea had struck her imagination; but perceiving a young man at a distance, I concluded he had been the cause of her flight. Sentonius thought the same, and instantly pursued him; but it was evident that he wished to avoid his sight. In spite of his endeavours to elude the interview, Sentonius overtook him, and accosted him in a stern tone of voice. "Is it not enough (said he) to have overturned the fabric of *reason*, but you must still persecute the lovely being whom you have driven to such distress!"

"I am more to be pitied than *Sophia*," he replied, in a melancholy accent. "Her image is continually presented to my mind; my conscience reproaches me with having for ever destroyed her happiness; yet I pursue her, merely to say, I am ready to make her

my wife. In vain have I endeavoured to steal upon her retirement, for some evil genius always seems to warn her of my approach; and I have daily watched for an opportunity of telling her, that my misery is far greater than that which she endures. Could the thoughtless and the dissipated feel the anguish of a reproaching conscience, could they but know the pangs which I endure, the pleasures of seduction would appal their imaginations, instead of exciting transport in their hearts!"

Sentonius did not attempt to interrupt the repentant Frederick; but, whilst he was speaking, the severity of his countenance considerably relaxed; and when he came to the close of his sentence, he addressed him in the following words.

(To be continued.)

ON MORTALITY.

AND is not this near dissolution shocking to our nature? Nothing is so strong as our attachment to life; and must not then our abhorrence and dread of death, by a *necessary* consequence, be proportionably strong? Yes, certainly, says Reason: yet hear, and wonder; Experience says, No. For who lives in this fear? who feels this consequential dread of necessary dissolution? No one. And why? because it was kindly ordained, that, in this instance, we should be inconsistent; because Nature has given us a happy insensibility, where Reason would not have been able to supply us with fortitude: for, change the institution of Nature, to which she has thus adapted our minds, ever so minutely, nay, change it in favour of life, and the terrors of anticipated death will have all their force.

A.

THE RECONCILIATION.

A PLAIN NARRATIVE.

He that hath not forgiveness in his nature,
And is not with repentance satisfied,
Is not of heaven or earth

SHAKESPEARE.

HOW weak are the powers of the most persuasive eloquence, compared to a single touch of Nature! The impetuosity of resentment is instantly disarmed; and the hard heart of anger melts into tenderness, as the barbed points of the pinching frost are softened in the glow of the sunbeam.

I was led into this train of thought a few days ago; and I cannot forbear, Mr. Editor, communicating to you the circumstances which occasioned it: though I fear my ability to relate them as they deserve, will fall very short of conveying the emotions I wish. As to my subject, I have only to say, that, forgiveness may possibly make a friend of an enemy; but revenge can only make an enemy more inveterate.

Young Derwent was descended from a genteel family in the north of England: and as he was the only child of his father, nothing was spared in the cultivation of his mind: and, indeed, to do him justice, his education was not thrown away. His disposition was universally pleasing: yet he had one failing which no virtues or accomplishments could ever atone for—he could not easily forgive an injury when offered to another, though he scarcely ever resented one done to himself. This failing, his friends incessantly endeavoured to subdue, but in vain. Nature at length succeeded, and eradicated from his heart in a moment, the seeds of resentment which had been rankling for years.

When young Derwent was at school in the town of S———, he found in a letter from his father, a paragraph of this nature—"Your uncle has attempted to ruin me; but, through the laws of my country,

country, and the mercy of God, his evil designs have been frustrated. Nevertheless, I have forgiven him from my heart: for I believe his necessity and not his will, compelled him to desert the paths of integrity." Shortly after this, young Derwent met his uncle, and accused him of his unbrotherly and ungrateful conduct to his father, to whom he owed almost his existence. Their quarrel was long, and very high: and on their parting, the young man vowed he would never forgive the injury his father had received; and, I believe, went so far as to say, that if he should meet his uncle in Heaven or in Hell, he would be revenged.

The father heard of this with regret, and used every means to effect a reconciliation—but he only widened the breach he wished to close. Several years had now elapsed in silence, and the father growing old, wished once more to reconcile his brother and son; but the latter absolutely refused. I was, however, a few days ago, witness to a scene I shall never forget—I seem now to behold them embracing: nothing can describe my emotions on the occasion, —none can conceive them, but those who were present.

The old gentleman had a large party of friends, among whom were his brother and myself. He said he expected his son to dinner, and entreated us all, for the last time, to endeavour to terminate the unhappy enmity. The young man's not coming, made us conjecture, that he was somehow informed of his uncle's presence: this, however, was not the case; for in the course of the evening, he entered the room. He instantly fixed his eyes on his uncle, and asked him how he could dare to sit under the roof of his injured brother? "I thought, Sir, (said he,) after our long silence, I should never again have been troubled with your presence: and I hoped I should at least have spent this day in happiness with my father: why then do you intrude on me?" The uncle, with much agitation, replied, "I am sorry, Sir, to

find you are so implacable. At the request of your friends, I entered your father's house, and not without hopes of receiving your hand in friendship. The injury I formerly offered your father, I have sincerely repented of; and he has generously forgiven me. Yet so conscious am I of my guilt, that I cannot die in peace, until we are all reconciled. Young man, you have a variety of scenes to see, and when I am in the grave, you will be tossed in a busy world: but remember this, remember the words of a penitent heart, and know, that he who can nobly resent an injury, is indeed *a man*—but he who can generously forgive one, is *something more*. Dear nephew, farewell—May happiness attend you when I am gone!—I will no longer intrude."

Here the old gentleman took up his hat. He first looked at his injured brother, and then at his nephew: then putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he walked slowly towards the door.

I saw the heart of his nephew could no longer support it—he was in tears: he eagerly grasped his uncle's hand, and they remained for some time silent and immoveable.

Young Derwent at length attempted to speak.

"Uncle, (said he,) the language of penitence, though imperfect, is, indeed, powerful—but the silence of inexpressible agony is far more so. Words can never express what I feel. Let the future obliterate the past—let our enmity for ever be forgotten. What a wretch am I! How shall I, who have refused to forgive a single offence, ask forgiveness hereafter, for an age of sin?"

—"Good young man—"

"Hold, uncle, (interrupted he;) spare your praise; rather reproach my unforgiving resentment. Now, indeed, I feel the conviction of your words:—and my heart assures me, that however great the gratification of *resenting* an injury may be, there is a still greater delight in *forgiving* one."

January 8th, 1804. JACK RAMROD.

Ch: Ch: Oxford.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. II.

THE staff of Christianity is the necessary support of human weakness.

Content, not happiness, is the reward of virtue in this world.

Calamity is, unfortunately, the usual season of reflection; and the pride of men will not often suffer reason to have any scope, until it can be no longer of service.

It has frequently been observed, that when women have an object in view, they pursue it with more steadiness than men; particularly *love*. This is not a compliment. Passion pursues with more heat than reason, and with most ardor during the absence of reason.

A life passed amidst the tumultuous dissipations of the world, even when unsullied by the commission of any positive crime, concludes, alas! very differently from that which has been spent in the bowers of retirement, adorned by innocence, and rewarded by virtue.

Those things which are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to obtain, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

In every misfortune that happens to us, we ought to consider, that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and it were as reasonable, to hope for a year without winter, as a life without trouble. Life, how sweet soever it seems, is a draught mingled with bitter ingredients.

gredients. Some drink deeper than others before they come at them; but if they do not swim on the top for youth to taste them, it is ten to one but old age will find them thicker in the bottom: and it is the employment of faith and patience, and the work of wisdom and virtue, to teach us to drink the sweet part with thankfulness and pleasure, and to swallow the bitter without reluctance or repining.

EDWIN.

ON FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, luck: silly terms, some say, invented by short-sighted men, who cannot see the causes of things, and who have no idea of connection and consequence. But the reality of what we impute to luck, none can deny; and the cause of it, perhaps, none can discover. What is the cause of runs at play? what makes one man win almost every stake for an hour together; and another man, at the same public table, and the same game, depending wholly upon chance, lose almost every stake for an hour together? What can continue this difference for a month, nay, for a year? The fact is too well known to be controverted; and whatever is the cause of this, may be the cause of a like run in the more important occurrences of life, where the odds, in point of chance, are against it. That there is such a run I think almost equally evident; for who has not seen some instances where every prudential measure has been frustrated and over-ruled, as it were, by an insurmountable fatality, and a series of the most ill concerted and ill-conducted projects crowned with success? Such "*a tide* there is in the affairs of men;" and when I am told that Cæsar despised the storms that filled the mariners with terror, I do not wonder at his presumption when I consider his life, but say with him to the mariners, "You carry Cæsar and his *fortune*."

A.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

January 14th.

THIS splendid Theatre opened to night, for the first time this season. The great force of talent, which has been brought into action, amply compensated for the late commencement of the campaign. Signora GRASSINI made her *debut*, as the heroine of the piece, in a new serious Opera, entitled *La Vergine del Sole*. Curiosity was much excited to behold a lady who had acquired so much fame at Paris, Rome, and Naples, the avowed rival of the enchanting BILLINGTON, and who is said to have captivated as much by the beauty of her person, as the charms of her voice. She is about the middle size, well-proportioned, and possesses an handsome countenance; but is by no means, either in features, or person, of the superior order of excellence that must command the homage of all hearts and eyes. But though her person be not tall, her manner is majestic and commanding, and she treads the stage with dignity. Persons accustomed to the English Stage, may think her step has too much of the Italian strut; but a just critic will readily acknowledge this merit, and that her movements are in the true style of the Italian Opera. The Signora is a finished professor of the art; her style of singing is very fine, perhaps equal to any of the present day; and her voice is regulated by the purest taste and science. But it is not in variety and sweetness precisely what the public expected. Those who have heard her before, think she suffered from a cold, or the timidity of a first appearance. Allowance is also to be made on account of the style of the music, which the composer never meant to be performed without a *soprano*, nor will it indeed ever tell without one. Her voice is a fine *contralto*, and in some of its tones resembles that of Madame BOLLA.

Her

Her duet with VIGANONI, in the second Act, "*Ah mio dolce tesor*," was *encored*; and indeed she was received throughout with universal applause. RIGHI is the best tenor since BINELLI, and acquitted himself with credit. The Opera, upon the whole, is a very fine one; and, as arranged by MAZZINGHI, was performed at the Pantheon about 1789. The Music, by ANDREOSSI, is new in this country; but was performed about nine years ago at Bologna. The following is a sketch of the story.

Alonzo, General to *Ataliba*, returns from the defeat of a neighbouring Inca, and is offered the Monarch's sister in marriage, which he declines, from affection to *Cora*, who is likewise beloved by *Ataliba*. The latter overcome, at length, by his pity for the lovers, he resolves on an heroic sacrifice. He takes his crown from his own head, and places it on *Alonzo's*; the only way by which he could accomplish the happiness of *Cora*, in uniting her to her lover.

M. DE HAYES, whose agility acquired for him, in his late visit to Paris, the name of "*the Zephyr*," resumed his place in the *divertisement* of *le Vœu Temeraire*, the admired composition of Mr. D'EGVILLE. His wife, Madame DE HAYES, made her *debut* in the dance, and acquitted herself with *eclat*, although she has not one of the neatest turned ancles in the world.

The Opera was got up with great splendor in the decorations. The dress of Signora GRASSINI displayed a pure taste, and was very appropriate to the character of the *Virgin of the Sun*. It was a silver muslin robe with a corset of flesh-color, which sat close, and displayed a fine formed bosom to great advantage. Her head-dress was ornamented with a golden sun in front. Report has not scrupled to announce a jealousy between the Signora and Mrs. BILLINGTON; but their mutual friends may dismiss all fears upon that subject. These two suns were created to shine in two several spheres; and, both excellent in their kind, differ from each other in the peculiar style and nature of their powers.

DRURY

DRURY LANE.

Jan. 3.

TO-night was produced at this Theatre, the new grand Pantomimic Spectacle of *Cinderella: or, The Little Glass Slipper*. The principal characters are as follow:

IMMORTALS.

Hymen, - - - - - - - - - Master BYRNE.
Cupid, - - - - - - - - - Master OSCAR BYRNE.
Venus, - - - - - - - - - Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Nymph, (commissioned by Venus,) Miss TYRER.
Graces.—Miss B. MENAGE, Miss SEARLE, Miss BRISTOW.

MORTALS.

Prince, - - - - - - - - - Mr. BYRNE.
Pedro, (Servant to the Sisters,) Mr. GRIMALDI.
Sisters, - - - - - - - - { Mrs. BYRNE. / Miss VINING.
Cinderella, - - - - - - - Miss DE CAMP.

With a variety of pantomimic characters.

The popular story of *Cinderella*, which has so often fascinated the young imagination, here assumes the form of pantomime, and promises to revive all the partiality of its admirers, by retaining the simple graces of Mother Goose's Tale, amidst the splendor of its scenic decorations. The public has already received one tale from this ingenious collection with the most decided approbation; and Mr. COLMAN having all to choose from, in selecting *Blue Beard*, and transforming it into a spectacle of such interest, seemed to render the dramatising any other of them a peculiarly difficult, if not hazardous attempt; yet we have to congratulate the person who has adapted *Cinderella* to the stage, upon his taste in selecting a fable, and his ingenuity in prominently displaying those parts of it which create the strongest interest,

and

and most perfectly elucidate the moral. The story has been so universally read, that it is scarcely necessary here to detail it; and we only observe one deviation from the original fable, which is a skilful introduction to the story, and serves for the display of scenery, more beautiful than any we have before seen out of the Opera House. The first scene is the Court of *Venus*, where she is surrounded with all the *Loves* and *Graces*. The Prince approaches the sacred retreat, is seized, and brought before the Goddess, where *Love* solicits, and the *Graces* invite him to abide. He rejects them, and struggles to regain his liberty. The Goddess orders *Cupid* to transfix his bosom with the arrow of love. A statue rises in the form of *Cinderella*, and the enamoured Prince kneels and adores. The statue vanishes, and the *Prince* is thrown into a trance. *Venus* and her attendant train ascend in clouds; the Isle of *Cythera* disappears; and when the Prince awakes from his trance, he finds himself in his own palace. The real story then commences. The *Prince* has nothing left for his consolation but her little glass slipper. At length the repentance of *Cinderella* inclines *Venus* to become again her friend. She is permitted to offer her foot for the glass slipper; and *Cupid* and *Hymen* join to reward the passion of the *Prince*, and the virtues of *Cinderella*.

The list of the Dramatis Personæ will shew that the characters were ably supported. The acting of Miss De Camp, Mr. Byrne, and the charming little *Cupid*, (Master Byrne,) cannot be too much praised. The machinery was well imagined, and perfectly executed; no bungling attempts at impossible things to interrupt and disgrace the scene. The dresses and decorations were tasteful and brilliant, and the scenery was of a class that may be compared with the Opera House. The capacity of Drury Lane stage for the display of fine scenery, has in this spectacle been well understood, and used to the best advantage.

tage. The overture and the songs were much applauded.

The following may afford a specimen of the poetry:

SONG.—NYMPH.

Comfort, damsel; why that sigh?
Heav'n in kindness sends us sorrow—
Patience, damsel, Heav'n is nigh,
Brighter prospects greet to-morrow.

Weigh'd down by each passing show'r,
Lowly droops the lily's head—
Charg'd with rain, the tender flow'r,
Pensive sinks, its beauty fled.

Rolls the dark storm far away,
See, a livelier hue is giv'n:
The lily glitters doubly gay,—
The drop that press'd it came from Heav'n.

RECITATIVE.—NYMPH.

Goddess, thy mighty mandate is obey'd,
Once more, submissive to her sister's will,
The damsel toils. The tempest is allay'd
Of fierce contending passions, that did fill
The Prince's raging bosom—o'er his eyes
The filmy shades of placid sleep arise.

VENUS.

Well, daughter, hast thou exercis'd thy art,
Now, Cupid, aid thy mother—'tis thy part
To lead astray his senses, and to raise
Sweet visions and delicious phantasies.

SONG.

And where'er thou mak'st him rove,
Hollow dell, or shady grove,
There soft phantoms let him see,
There let Cinderella be.

Lead him where are turtles cooing,
Lead him where are shepherds wooing,
Lead him to the myrtle tree,
There let Cinderella be.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

DRESSES.

1. A light Blue Bonnet, with a White Feather; light Blue Kerseymere Pelice, laced up the Front in the Military Style; short round Dress of White Muslin. Bear Muff, Buff Boots.

2. A Dress of White Cambric Muslin, trimmed with the same. Habit Shirt, with Vandyke Trimming round the Neck. A Brown Egyptian Earth-color Spanish Hat, with a White Ostrich Feather. A Kerseymere Spencer of the same Colour, with Tippet. Purple Ridicule.

3. The Hair dressed fashionably, with an Handkerchief Bandeau. A Muslin Dress; Crape Handkerchief to tie close to the Neck. Crimson Velvet Shawl, with Tassels at each Point. White Gloves and Fan.

4. White Satin Cap, trimmed with Lace and Flowers. Purple Velvet Manteau, trimmed with Swan-down, and Tassels. White Sarcenet Dress with long Sleeves. White Muff and Gloves.

FULL DRESSES.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

DRESSES.

1. A light Blue Bonnet, with a White Feather; light Blue Kerseymere Pelice, laced up the Front in the Military Style; short round Dress of White Muslin. Bear Muff, Buff Boots.

2. A Dress of White Cambric Muslin, trimmed with the same. Habit Shirt, with Vandyke Trimming round the Neck. A Brown Egyptian Earth-color Spanish Hat, with a White Ostrich Feather. A Kerseymere Spencer of the same Colour, with Tippet. Purple Ridicule.

3. The Hair dressed fashionably, with an Handkerchief Bandeau. A Muslin Dress; Crape Handkerchief to tie close to the Neck. Crimson Velvet Shawl, with Tassels at each Point. White Gloves and Fan.

4. White Satin Cap, trimmed with Lace and Flowers. Purple Velvet Manteau, trimmed with Swan-down, and Tassels. White Sarcenet Dress with long Sleeves. White Muff and Gloves.

WALKING DRESSES.

Published Feb.ʳʸ 1.1804 by Vernor & Hood.

FULL DRESSES.

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE VILLAIN,—MAN.

Spoken by a Mother to her Infant Daughter.

[From the PLEASURES of NATURE, by D. CAREY, JUST PUBLISHED.]

I.

THY rest is mild, my darling child.
Thy visions bright, thy pillow smooth,
And sweet the smile, that plays the while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not so mild, my darling child,
Will be thy rest—it never can!
If e'er you prove, like me, the love
And friendship of the Villain,—Man!

II.

Yet be thy rest, thy visions blest,
Blest, though with grief I sigh sincere,
Though oft these sighs for thee arise,
Oft mingles with thy milk a tear
Ah! could my breast thy bed of rest
For ever be, that I might fan
In thine, those fires that heav'n inspires,
And shield thee from the Villain,—Man!

III.

It makes me sigh, to think that I
Could once have slept as sound as thee,
And sadly weep to think *that* sleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love thy father strove,
And veil'd with seeming truth his plan;
But, ah! betray'd a witless maid—
The Villain! Oh, the Villain,—Man!

IV.

And thus with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuse the lying smile,
And call each prayer, the gods to hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.
Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his proffer'd vows to scan:
Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,
And curse, like me, the Villain,—Man!

V.

To deserts wild, my darling child!
Be thine with innocence to fly;
And like the buds that gem the woods,
Bloom only to the vernal sky.
Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,
Thy mother's spirit oft shall fan
Those holy fires, that heav'n inspires,
And guard thee from the Villain,—Man!

BRITAIN'S HOPES.

I.

BRITANNIA oft her ample shield hath spread
O'er brave, but feeble, states, who claim'd her aid:
Oft has her spear been drench'd in hostile gore,
Defending freedom, and her native shore.

II.

Not many years have pass'd, since Vict'ry crown'd
Her mighty contest with the world around:
Midst tott'ring Nations still she proudly stands,
Exulting in her King, and patriot bands.

III.

Trusting th' Almighty will her cause defend,
(That cause—humanity—and peace—its end;)
'Gainst Gallia's tyrant, and his impious host,
With blood insatiate, and to feeling lost.

IV.

Then shall each jealous nation rouse from sleep,
And hail Britannia, Umpire of the Deep;
Her bright example follow in the field,
Till Gallia's frantic arms to Reason yield.

FAIR ELLEN; OR, THE MANIAC.

[From SYR REGINALDE, just published.]

STRANGER, if sight of human woe,
Thy gentle bosom swelling,
E'er taught soft Pity's tear to flow,
'Twill stream for lovely Ellen!
Yonder wood conceals the maid,
Tenant of the rural shade,
A fairer Nature never made
Than beauteous, love-lorn Ellen!

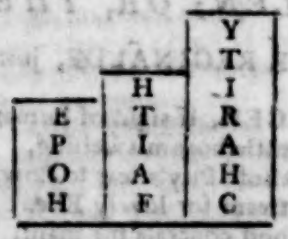
Her tale would melt a heart of stone;
Sad it is—ah! past expressing;
Insanity usurps the throne
Of Reason, Heav'n's supremest blessing.
O, Death! thou dreadful, sad alloy
Of human bliss—thou foe to joy,
How could'st thou, cruel, thus destroy
The hopes of blooming Ellen!

The day was fix'd, the village throng
With pipe and tabor hail the dawn;
But ah! the sprightly nuptial song,
With funeral plaints, too soon they moan.
How near is Grief to Mirth allied!
The cup of bliss is dash'd aside,
For that same morn young Henry dy'd;
The joy, the hope of Ellen!

E'er since, distracted doth she roam,
All human habitation scorning;
The field, the wild-wood is her home,
There lone she wanders night and morning.
Her sad employ is still the same—
She weaves the garland's poppy'd flame,
Or wildly calls on Henry's name;
Distracted, crazy Ellen!

And oft she doth the darkness brave,
While mortals rest so sound and weary,
To strew fresh flow'rs on Henry's grave,
Beneath the yew-tree, black and dreary:
And wails her sorrows to the moon,
Queen of the night, the Maniac's noon!
Fix'd, gazing on that heav'n, where soon
Shall end the cares of Ellen!

SCALA CŒLI.



THE steps which lead mankind to Heaven,
In number are exactly seven:
While we have *Hope* we mount up four,
And *Faith* one step will lead us more:
But, to attain our journey's end,
True *Charity* must stand our friend.

I. Cor. c. 13.—*v.* 8. 13. A. Z.

AN ADDRESS TO A DROOPING FLOWER.

BY MR. HACKETT.

I.

LIKE you, sweet rose, my pale-worn face
Was deepen'd, once, with crimson-hue;
'Till sorrows nipt the blooming grace,
That shone as fair, as bright as you!
Your fate, methinks, accords with mine—
In many a chance, we both agree;
For you, by wintry whirlwinds, pine,
And blasts of care have prey'd on me!

II.

Further, I, still, resemble you;
For, ah! my musing thoughts perceive
That your lost charms will ne'er renew,
And, I shall never cease to grieve!
That Summer's warm, enliv'ning power
Will never raise your languid leaves;
Nor Hope's serene, unclouded hour
Disperse the sighs my bosom heaves!

III.

Yet do we further, still, agree;
For when your sweets are spread around,
No friend with anxious heart will see
Those charms bedrop the cheerless ground!
So, when I've breath'd my latest sigh,
And 'neath the turf's green hillock rest;
No tears will dim the sparkling eye,
Or dew the earth, that makes me blest!

Temple.

ODE TO THE RAVEN,

Written in a Green-house nearly facing a Church-yard.

THOU mournful bird, in sable plumage clad,
Whose deeply sounding voice with croakings sad
Grim Death foretells, and utters, with loud cry,
The fun'ral dirge of him about to die,
To thee all hail! dark harbinger of fate:
Thy notes the good man hears with joy elate,
And at the welcome summons he prepares
To quit this world, and all his earthly cares.
Methinks e'en now thy doleful accents drear,
Float in the gale, and vibrate in mine ear.
The fancied sounds are wafted in each breeze,
And seem to die away by faint degrees.
In yonder *Church-yard*, thee full oft I've seen,
Perch'd on some oak or lofty elm-tree green,
Moving with awful nod thy sooty head,
Encompass'd round with mansions of the dead.
And then, alas! ere long thou too may'st see
The tomb of him who now addresses thee.
When that time comes, do thou, on flapping wings,
Soon as the deep-ton'd bell my sad knell rings,
Come to the place of death, where I shall lie,
And on my grave cast down a pitying eye.
Adieu! prophetic bird, of awe-inspiring hue;
Thou mournful messenger of death, once more—adieu!

R. R. Jun.

MEMORY.

WHEN the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender *remembrance* that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind
The joys that are fled, and the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans on the ear.

Thro' the gay scenes of youth the remembrancer strays,
'Till Mem'ry steps back on past pleasures to gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghosts of each day.

Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye;
The soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy;
Few souls are prepar'd for a rite so divine,
When the feelings alone sacrifice to the shrine.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

BY MR. HACKETT.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

I.

CORROSIVE Thought! with all thy train
Of hideous fears, and killing pain,
Oh! leave my tortur'd breast:
'Tis thou that gives the languid eye,
The aching heart, the wretched sigh,
Which heaves for balmy rest.

II.

Long have I been thy pensive fool;
Too long have I obey'd thy rule,
And, passive, borne thy yoke;
Fill'd with sad thought, to shades I've flown,
And laid me down, while many a moan
My heart-felt grief bespoke.

III.

There, lost in many a gloomy maze,
Oft have I mus'd on worldly ways,
And all their dire deceit;
On Friendships slightly-woven lie,
Its airy vow, its paltry tie,
And "long-forgotten heat."

IV.

Oh! that thy all-awak'ning pow'r
Could never view the future hour,
Nor pencil cares unknown;
Then, Thought! I'd still adore thy sway,
Nor seek t' avoid thy piercing ray,
But pleas'd—thine influence own.

V.

No longer, then, I'd heed *the past*,
Tho' mark'd with Sorrow's with'ring blast,
And gloomy prospects drear;
But, joyous hail the coming day,
And banish all my cares away,
And live devoid of fear.

Temple.

THE WIDOW.

BY MRS. OPIE.

HENCE! cruel life! nor more persist
To warm this sad, this broken heart!
When Henry's clay-cold lips I kiss'd,
How welcome, Death! had been thy dart!

Speechless, they say, benumb'd I seem'd,
While his last precious breath I caught;
No tears to sooth my sorrow stream'd,
And agony suspended thought.

They tell me thunders rent the air,
That vivid lightnings flash'd around;
But I beheld no lightnings glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder sound.

They tell me that my helpless child
I from my arms with fury toss'd:
It might be so—for I was wild—
The mother in the wife was lost.

They tell me, on th' unconscious corse,
At length, bereft of sense, I fell:—
Ah! blessed state! of balm the source!
It clos'd my ears to Henry's knell.

But happy state, resembling death,
Why is your balmy stupor flown?
Ah! why restore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan.

E'en Reason says I justly weep,
And, ah! she says I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I steep,
Then rise at morn—to weep again.

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every sigh;
I think, while I her charms behold,
How she'd have plea'd her father's eye.

And while I from her lisping tongue
Soft childhood's artless accents hear,
I think, with vain remembrance wrung,
How she'd have charm'd her father's ear.

I think—but O forbear, fond heart!
From vain regrets to duties turn;—
Yes—I will act a parent's part—
I'll tear myself from Henry's urn.

In life I still one charm can see;
One flower adorns that dreary wild;
That flower for care depends on *me*—
O, precious charge!—"'Tis HENRY'S CHILD."

"*SALLY's WEDDING DAY.*"

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of the "Peasant's Fate," *and* Scenes of Youth."

DELIGHTFUL shines the rosy morn,
And thro' the fields of waving corn,
Companions, friends, and neighbours, come,
To welcome youthful Fred'ric home;
And join the sports, the dance, the lay—
For this is SALLY'S wedding-day.

No sleep this night has bless'd my eyes!
I've long'd to see this morning rise!
A morn so oft desir'd in vain,
While Fred'ric plough'd the eastern main;
But now be every fear away,
For this is SALLY'S wedding-day.

See! see! he comes! my hero bold;
He comes, enrich'd with Spanish gold;
But, better still—to soothe my cares—
For me a *constant heart* he bears:—
A heart how true, how light, how gay,
On this our happy wedding-day!

When Fred'ric's ship her anchor weigh'd,
In frolic mood our *Jenny* said—
As, bath'd in tears, I cried—"Adieu!"—
"Forbear!—the men are all untrue."
Now what will giddy Jenny say,
On this her SALLY'S wedding-day?

Go, *Jenny*, go! and learn to prize
The constancy you've dar'd despise;
A gay coquette no longer reign;
And soon some undissembling swain,
Like mine, shall each soft care repay,
And fix your happy wedding-day.

The above stanzas were written in happier times!—under the illusory gleam of peace—when lovers and friends were returning to the bosom of their country, and all their domestic enjoyments.

IMITATION

Of the Thirteenth Ode, of the First Book of HORACE.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi,
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi,
Laudas brachia, væ, meum,
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

TO CELIA.

WHENE'ER you mention Strephon's charms,
His eyes—his teeth—his snow-white arms;
When these my Celia deigns to tell,
Love's bitter cares my bosom swell;
My senses then forsake their place,
The color then is fled my face;
The falling tears I can't contain,
They shew what fires consume within.
I rage—when overcome with wine,
He joins his rougher hand with thine;
Or, when he wounds, in rapt'rous bliss,
Those coral lips he means to kiss.
Wou'd you but me attentive hear,
Him Celia ne'er could judge sincere,
Who, cruel could those lips abuse,
Which Venus with her sweets imbrues.
Happy, thrice happy, sure, the pair,
Who're join'd with Cupid's partial care,
With whom no slights are quick conceiv'd,
With whom no envious tale's believ'd;
But that same day the last will prove
Of life, which is the last of love.

A.

THE HAPPY FIRE SIDE.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Ranger was in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarissa, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd

Clarissa's hand he gently press'd,
She stole an amorous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Ranger,

Ranger, with honest heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, (he cried,)
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my fire side;
I ask no other heaven,

A.

THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

(The following is not an European Fiction; it is a real Madagascar Song, brought from that Island by the Chevalier De Porni.*)*

WHY shrink'st thou, weak girl? Why this coward despair?
Thy tears and thy struggles are vain.
Oppose me no more: of my curses beware!
Thy terrors and grief I disdain.

The mother was dragging her daughter away,
To the white man, alas! to be sold
"Oh, spare me! (she cried:) sure thou would'st not betray
"The child of thy bosom for gold!

"The pledge of thy love; I first taught thee to know
"A mother's affection and fears.
"What crime has deserv'd thou should'st only bestow
"Dishonor, and bondage, and tears?

"I tenderly sooth ev'ry sorrow and care;
"To ease thee, unwearied I toil;
"The fish of the stream by my wiles I ensnare;
"The meads of their flowers despoil.

"From the bleak wint'ry blast I have shelter'd thy head;
"Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade;
"Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft leafy bed;
"The mosqueto oft chas'd from the glade.

"Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee I am torn?
"Gold ne'er buys affection like mine!
"Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despairing I mourn,
"Not my sorrows or hardships, but thine.

"Then sell me not; save me from anguish and shame!
"No child thou hast, mother, but me!
"Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear claim;
"My bosom most trembles for thee."

In vain she implor'd: wretched maid! she was sold;
To the ship, chain'd and frantic, convey'd;
Her parent and country ne'er more to behold,
By a merciless mother betray'd.

On

On seeing a large Oak Tree led from the Wood.

ALAS! is this thy fate, once stately tree!
Why felon-like with chains thus fetter'd o'er?
Thou seem'st to groan, and move reluctantly,
As if thou would'st thy past estate deplore.

For once in youth thy head thou smiling rear'd,
And drank the fresh'ning breeze that round thee play'd;
And striking deep thy fibres, nothing fear'd,
Whilst foliage bright thy spreading arms array'd.

And when its height thy manly vigor gain'd,
And wint'ry storms around destruction cast,
Like some proud tower, thy place thou still maintain'd,
Scorning to skulk beneath the northern blast.

In vain above the rest, with stately mien,
Like Leb'non's trees, thy head majestic rose,
Or royal call'd, since Boscobel's did screen
A royal fugitive when press'd by foes.

No more the feather'd choir, with carols sweet,
Shall perch in groups thy rustling leaves among;
They now in distant lands each other greet,
Or mourn thy fate in many a plaintive song.

For in one hapless moment, sad to tell,
The woodman's axe assail'd thy honors tall;
Beneath his strokes thou bow'd thine head, and fell,
And made the ground to tremble with thy fall.

Then from thy sides thy sturdy arms were rent,
And from thy native soil thou'rt dragg'd away;
For purposes of trade to cities sent,
Till time, ere long, shall turn thee to decay.

Such is thy course; and, oh! an emblem just
Of man, whose period's shorter many a day;
He at Death's stroke must bow, then turn to dust,
And all his honors flee like thine away.

Yes, tho' in spring he shews his blushing face,
And hastes to catch each fav'ring breeze e'er past;
Tho' he in summer glows with manly grace,
And bids defiance to the wint'ry blast;

The highest heights of honor, wealth, or fame,
Will not from death their proud possessor save:
Their dust shall blend with that of humbler name,
And high and low shall moulder in the grave.

But

But lo! a striking difference here we find;
Altho' the body to corruption tends,
The soul shall still exist in bliss refin'd,
Or woe unspeakable, that never ends.

How loudly, man! this calls thee to beware
Of negligence in one so vast concern,
Lest thou should'st lose thy soul for want of care,
And when too late thy sad mistake discern.

O then make haste, nor lose the precious hour;
The present *now* is all that is thine own;
Seek thy soul's good, thy future bliss secure,
Thro' grace implor'd which shall thy efforts crown.

Salvation's glorious plan—what mercy 'tis!
Is now made known; accept it, and obtain,
Thro' Christ, a title to celestial bliss,
And death to thee shall be eternal gain.

Leeds. A.

NEW CHARADE.

IN summer, when ye pass the fields,
My *First* a pleasant smell oft yields,
Luxuriant, verdant, fresh and gay;
Yet do not think 'tis useless, pray.
Perhaps my *Second* may be found
Busy and nimble on the ground.
What though my *Whole* is but a clown,
He's not to be despis'd, you'll own;
He'll drive a cart, and plow, and sow;
To do which wiser men don't know.

EMMA.

Correspondence, &c.

Mrs. P's "Emma," *has come to hand, and will be inserted the ensuing month.*

B. B. *could never suppose, surely, that his* indecorous *lines would be inserted in* The Lady's Museum!

Ellen's "William and Susan," Duncan's "Reflection on Variety," *and the* "Lines translated from Voltaire," *shall have a Place in our next Number.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Mrs Whitbread.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Poultry March 1st 1804.